Went through the armie chearing vp the souldiers.
King. So *I* am satisfied; giue me a bowle of wine,
I haue not that alacritie of spirit,
Nor cheare of minde that I was wont to haue:
Set it downe, Is Inke and paper readie?
Rat. It is my Lord.
King. Bid my guard watch, leaue me,
Ratcliffe about the mid of night come to my tent
And helpe to arme me: leaue me *I* say. *Exit Ratliffe.*
Enter Darby to Richmond in his tent.
Dar. Fortune and victorie sit on thy helme.
Rich. All comfort that the darke night can affoord,
Be to thy person, noble father in lawe,
Tell me how fares our noble mother?
Dar. I by attorney bleſſe thee from thy mother,
Who prais continually for Richmonds good,
So much for that: the silent houres steale on,
And flakie darknesse breakes within the East,
In briefe, for so the season bids vs be:
Prepare thy battell early in the morning,
And put thy fortune to the arbitrement
Of bloudie strokes and mortall staring warre,
I as *I* may, that which I would *I* cannot,
With best aduantage will deceiue the time,
And aide thee in this doubtfull shocke of armes:
But on thy side *I* may not be too forward,
Least being seene, thy brother tender George
Be executed in his fathers sight.
Farewell, the leisure and the fearefull time,
Cuts off the ceremonious vowes of loue,
And ample enterchange of sweet discourse,
Which so long sundered friends should dwell vpon,
God giue vs leisure for these rights of loue,
Once more adiew, be valiant and speed weell.
Rich. Good Lords conduct him to his regiment:
Ile striue with troubled thoughts to take a nap,
Least leaden slumber peise me downe to morrow,
When *I* should mount with wings of victory:
Once more good night kind Lords & gentlemen. *Exeunt.*
O thou whose captaine *I* account my selfe,

Look

Line 11. set— 14 our loving mother?

Looke on my forces with a gracious eye:
Put in their hands thy bruſing Irons of wrath,
That they may cruſh downe with a heauie fall,
The vsurping helmet of our aduersaries,
Make vs thy ministers of chastisement,
That we may praise thee in thy victorie,
To thee I do commend my watchfull soule,
Eere I let fall the windowes of mine eyes,
Sleeping and waking, oh, defend me still.
Enter the ghost of prince Ed. sonne to Henry the sixt.
Ghost to K. Ri. Let me sit heauie on thy soule to morrow,
Thinke how thou stabst me in my prime of youth,
At Teukesbury: dispaire therefore and die.
To Rich. Be cheere full Richmond, for the wronged soules
Of butchred Princes fight in thy behalfe,
King Henries issue Richmond comforts thee.
Enter the ghost of Henry the sixt.
Gho. to K. Ri. When I was mortall, my annointed body,
By thee was punched full of holes,
Thinke on the Tower, and me: dispaire and die.
Harrie the sixt bids thee dispaire and die.
To Rich. Vertuous and holy be thou conqueror,
Harrie that prophesied thou shouldest be king,
Doth comfort thee in thy sleepe, liue and flourish.
Enter the Ghost of Clarence.
Ghost. Let me sit heauie on thy soule to morrow,
I that was washt to death with fulsome wine,
Poore Clarence by thy guile betrayd to death:
To morrow in the battell thinke on me,
And fall thy edgelesse sword, dispaire and die.
To Rich. Thou offspring of the house of Lancaster,
The wronged heires of Yorke do pray for thee,
Good Angels guard thy battell, liue and flourish.
Enter the Ghost of Riuers, Gray, Vaughan.
Riu Let me sit heauie on thy soule to morrow,
Riuers that died at Pomfret, dispaire and die.
Gray. Thinke vpon Gray, and let thy soule dispaire.
Vaugh. Thinke vpon Vaugham, and with guiltie feare
Let fall thy launce, dispaire and die.

Line 4 helmets 6 the victorie
33. battaile.
Line 11 Ghost to Ri. 19 of deadly holes
26 set heavie in — 35 King. Let me sit